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CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES

They took hold of the string at each end, and carried it famously between them.

vide Winter Scene page 86.

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THE

WINTER SCENE;

TO

AMUSE AND INSTRUCT

THE

RISING GENERATION.

By M. H.

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THE WINTER SCENE.

CHAP. I.

THE snow fell fast, and the wind beat cold, when three young people, seated with their mother by a warm fire-side, rejoiced to think they were so well sheltered from the storm by a comfortable home.

"It would be hard work (said William, a little boy about eight years old,) to wade through the snow up yonder hill, now it grows so dusk. Will you come with me, Lucy, (added he, rising from his stool, and going towards the window,) and see if it be not very deep?"

Lucy answered, rather ungraciously, that she could not think of quitting the fire for such a trifle.

"What poor courage you have, Lucy; every part of this room is warm," replied her brother.

"Yes, (said her elder sister, whose name was Sophia,) you ought to blush, Lucy, at such an idea, when we have been speaking of many families who have scarcely any fire, and who are often obliged to retire shivering to bed without a supper."

"Lucy must not go out to tea this evening, if she cannot move about a warm parlour," said their mother.

"Oh! it is but a little way to uncle Norton's, mamma," she replied.

"It is a much shorter distance to the window, and will not expose you to the wind and snow; and these difficulties you must endure if you accompany us this evening."

"Yes, mamma, but I like to see my uncle, and therefore I shall not mind the cold."

"I am sorry, my dear Lucy, to find you so selfish as to consult your own

inclination, rather than attend to your brother's request. You will not be gratified by being of our party to-night, unless you show a greater wish to oblige."

Lucy sighed, and said she would try to like it.

"You should try (replied her mother) to think it agreeable to be attentive and condescending; you would then feel a pleasure in complying with the most trifling wishes of your friends."

The little girl was walking slowly towards her brother, when he said, "There, dear Lucy, now I'll excuse you: it is of no great consequence whether you tell me about the snow just at present; you'll see it better when we go out this evening."

"You are a good boy (remarked Sophia): I am sorry, Lucy, that you permit him to surpass you in kindness."

"Poor little girl, (said William,) she isyounger than I am; and I dare say she does not mean to behave so again.'

"No, that I do not, (replied Lucy, affected by her brother's kindness, in pleading for her, when it was him she neglected,) I will now go any-where you wish,—to see the snow, or any thing besides."

Then William took her hand, and away they ran, to decide how many inches deep they imagined the snow to lie."

"Oh! dear, (said William,) what a pity it is I spent my money in the summer, in buying cakes and playthings. How little we have yet saved towards the blanket for Thomas and Susan; only six shillings: and how much do you say it will cost, Sophia?"

"Twelve shillings, my mother tells me."

"Surely there are some which come to less than that, Sophia."

"Yes; but it is best that they should wait for a good one,—as it may serve them for many years."

"You are right, Sophia: yet it will

be a great while before we collect that sum. Let me see, your six-pence a-week, my three-pence, and Lucy's two-pence: dear me! the whole winter will be over before it can be bought. I am afraid poor Thomas and Susan will die of cold while we are laying up our money."

"I hope not (said Sophia,) they have a blanket for themselves, and a small one for Sarah's crib. Susan is of a contented disposition: she told mamma, the other day, that they were much better off than many of their poor neighbours."

"I like her, (added Lucy,) because she does not cry when she is in trouble; but always says that she hopes Thomas will soon be better, and able to go to his work."

"Cry! (repeated William,) it is only little girls who do so; crying would not make Thomas well. I think you will not be so silly, Lucy, when you are as old as Susan."

"I think, (said their mother, with a smile,) that, whilst William is instructing Lucy, he would himself be wiser if, instead of spending useless regrets over the past time, he determined never to lay out his money in trifles; but to keep it, as I have before advised him, for purposes which convey more real pleasure, and prove useful to others in the end."

"I hope (said William,) that you may see I shall not forget your advice. To be sure, complaining will not make our sum of money larger, any more than crying would make Thomas better. But, pray what o'clock are we to go to uncle Norton's, mamma?"

"About half-past five, my love; the moon will then be risen, which will enable us to see our way through the snow."

"I think (said William,) there is to be something particular this evening: when I called at my uncle's this morning with the books, I told the servant I

longed for tea-time, that uncle might talk to us of his voyages: she smiled, and said we should have enough to do without sailing about the seas. I enquired what she meant, but could not persuade her to tell me; so I came away, wishing more than ever for tea-time to arrive."

"Oh! (exclaimed Lucy,) I guess, uncle has some pictures to show us; that is it."

"No, (added William,) I think he has some pretty new game for us to play at."

"I am glad, mamma, (said Lucy,) that dear uncle has left off going to sea, as you will no longer look so careful when the weather is stormy."

"Yes, my love, I am truly thankful that he has taken a house, and come to live near us; though I ought ever to have remembered, the same great God who watches over his children by land, also protects those that sail on the watery deep."

The young people amused themselves with conversation, till the wished-for time arrived, when their mother gave the signal for departure. The bonnets and warm mantles were speedily obtained; although William, equipped with hat and coat, was waiting rather impatiently for his mother and sisters reappearance in the hall.

At length they set off, stepping slowly through the snow, when William offered to take Lucy under his care; to which she made some objection, saying that, as he was but little taller than herself, he would not be of much assistance: but he contended that his strength might be of considerable benefit, for, if she fell into a hole, he could immediately help her out: she expressed her disinclination to make trial of his skill, and set off running, to show him how she mastered the flaky hills by her own prowess. But, quickly slackening her pace, she at length condescended to accept of her brother's hand. This plan, however,

did not long answer; at first William very carefully chose the best path, but, after a little while, he began to fancy it would be fine amusement to scramble over the drifted heaps; and, as Lucy was not inclined to join in the same sport, she gladly left him to request her mother's assistance.

This little party were pleased to find themselves at Mr. Norton's door. With happy countenances they entered the parlour, and were welcomed by their uncle with smiles and thanks, for considering an old man worthy of so much trouble as they had taken.

"It would be strange, indeed, if we did not think it a pleasure (said Sophia): we should gladly have ventured, had it been a considerable distance, instead of only half a mile."

"That we should (added William): there was Lucy set off full race from the door, and clambered over the snow most courageously."

"But (said Lucy, laughing,) she did not like that part of the walk; that was for your amusement, and did not bring me nearer to uncle's house."

"The little snow which we see in this country, (remarked Mr. Norton,) and which is over in a few weeks, would not be regarded in Greenland, where the mountains and vallies are perpetually covered with it. The few rocks, which appear without this covering, look, at a distance, of a dark brown hue, entirely bare; though, on a nearer approach, you perceive veins of many coloured stones, here and there spread with a little earth, and small portions of grass and heath.

"The whole country affords a dreary prospect, and in many places the earth is cracked in large fissures or openings, which present to view monstrous yawning pits."

"How miserable it must be to live in such a country," said Sophia.

"Not so frightful to its inhabitants

as you imagine, my love. They have been accustomed to it from their infancy, and therefore do not consider it so dreary as it appears to those who live in more temperate climates. Unattractive as we think it, the Greenlanders are attached to their native soil."

"Is it not in Greenland there are great white bears, uncle?" said William.

"Yes, it is, my dear boy."

"Will you be so kind as to give us some account of them, uncle?"

"Well, (replied Mr. Norton,) first permit me to drink my tea, and then I will comply with your request."

The young people then seated themselves at the table, and not only partook of their uncle's tea, but soon lessened the number of slices on the bread-and-butter plate.

"Now, children, (said Mr. Norton,) you must at present be satisfied with the contents of one plate; perhaps, if you wish it, I can provide you with some more before you return home."

The children looked at each other, wondering what could be the reason that their uncle allowed them so short a quantity.

As William found he was not to have his usual portion of bread and butter, he was the more anxious for an account of the Greenland bear, in order to divert his attention; and again requested his uncle to tell them something respecting this animal.

"This great creature (said Mr. Norton,) is usually three or four feet long, is very strong and hardy, and, though awkward in its appearance, climbs trees with the greatest ease, in the hollows of which it sometimes makes its den.

"The bear remains in his den during the severest weather, passing the winter either in sleep or in a torpid state, nourished by his fat. As the weather becomes milder, he quits his retreat, appearing much thinner for his winter's abstinence. He now sallies forth in

search of prey: in this hungry state he will even attempt to kill men, and, if not strongly opposed, they sometimes fall under his gripe. He also attacks the deer, and robs the nests of fowls, eating both eggs and birds. It is, however, in the water that this animal finds his principal food; he floats on flakes of ice, some leagues from land, to pursue seals; and even plunges into the sea to attack the whale and the morse: but he generally fails in these latter contests."

"What a fierce creature (said Lucy); and yet I think he must look rather pretty, being all white."

"They have long nights in Greenland, I have read, uncle," said Sophia.

"Yes, my dear, their nights continue one half of the year, and their days the same length of time; but the snow casts a light, which lessens the darkness during the absence of the sun; though the glare it produces often injures the Greenlander's eyes."

"How can they employ themselves during their long nights, uncle?" enquired William.

"They pursue their fishing,—though the quantity they obtain is small; and they amuse themselves with playing at ball by moon-light; also with games for trying their strength."

"Pray, what have they to eat, uncle, as they find it difficult to get much fish?"

"Their meat, which is principally the flesh of deer, will keep for months without salt. They, however, prefer both fish and flesh when putrid; and mix train-oil with their dishes."

"What animals are there in Greenland besides bears?" enquired William.

"Deer and foxes (replied his uncle): they have also wild fowl, and whales and seals are their fish. The Greenlanders are a hardy race of people. In winter they reside in houses, or rather under-ground huts, without chimney or door; they have, instead, a winding

entrance, which answers both purposes. It is about four or five yards long, and so narrow that they creep down it on their hands and knees. The walls of their apartments are lined with skins.

One contrivance serves them both for candle and fire, in form resembling a lamp, made of chalk or soft marble. It is filled with the oil of the seal, and fine moss is used in the place of cotton-wicks: over this they boil their food in kettles, made of the same substance as the lamp, above which they fasten a wooden rack; on this they dry their wet clothes and boots. These huts being without chimneys, both they and their inhabitants are very dirty.

"We are much obliged to you, uncle, for this amusing description," said Sophia.

"Pray, uncle, why are we in this parlour to-night? we usually take our tea in the other."

"Am I obliged, William, to inform you why I prefer this room? But, as

you seem to like the other, suppose we take the candles, and pay it a visit."

Mr. Norton then rose, the young people following him through the hall; but, when he opened the door, they beheld such a sight! A table in the centre of the room, spread with a damask cloth; a candle at each corner, with laurel-branches twined round them; and a fine large cake in the middle, covered with sugar and silver frost, and coloured figures laid over it.

"Dear me! (exclaimed William, when his amazement had a little subsided:) to be sure this is Twelfth-night. I thought there would be something to surprise us; but a cake never entered my head."

"Nor mine, (added Lucy,) when I talked about pictures: but, see, there are pictures; so I was a little right after all. Pray, mamma, did you know what it was to be?"

"No, my love, I was as ignorant as yourselves, till we entered the room."

"I really think, (said Sophia,) that the sight is as beautiful as the taste can be good. What do you say, William and Lucy?"

"Aye, (replied William,) I admire it exceedingly."

"Yes, (added Lucy;) that sparkling white duck on the top of the cake is so pretty: and how handsomely you have placed the leaves round the candles, uncle!"

"I am happy to see you enjoy my entertainment. It gives me pleasure, my dear children, to afford you amusement, when you behave properly. Now, suppose we sit down, and try whether the taste of the cake equals the appearance?"

Notwithstanding the admiration bestowed upon its figure, no entreaty was made to stop the progress of the knife. Five slices were cut, and three large ones handed to the young people.

After they had partaken of their uncle's excellent cake, and returned their

thanks for his kind entertainment, he told them it was frequently the custom, on a Twelfth-night, for each of a company to choose a paper, which, on being opened, displayed a painted picture, with some verses written beneath it; that he, however, had a different present for them. He then walked to the side-board, brought three folded papers from a drawer, and handed them to the young people, desiring each to take one. This offer they willingly accepted; and, on opening the packets, they were all found to contain a little story.

"How delightful it will be to hear them, (said William;) I am very impatient to begin."

"Now, dear uncle, will you say which shall be read first?" said Sophia.

It was then agreed they should commence with Lucy's, and Mr. Norton was requested to be the reader; when he kindly promised to do his best. They then stirred the fire, drew their chairs round it in a ring, placed the candles on

the mantlepiece, and Mr. Norton began with

THE STORY OF THE GREEDY GIRL.

ELLEN, a little girl about nine years old, had kind parents, who took great pains to render her an amiable child; but we are sorry to observe that she was not so attentive to their advice as might have been expected.

Her father and mother gave her as much fruit as was suitable for her to eat, but she was so greedy that she wished for more than the portion they allowed her; she therefore often went into the garden, and picked the fruit off the trees, and not only ate of that which was ripe, but also helped herself to green and hard fruit. She at length became very ill: her friends, who were unacquainted with the real cause, were much grieved at her sufferings. She could not rise from her bed, but lay tossing about,

crying with pain, and was unable to eat any food.

"I am sorry to think that the little girl in my tale should behave so naughtily," said Lucy.

"I hope, Lucy, (replied Mr. Norton,) that this may serve as a lesson, if ever you are inclined to take any thing which is not given you. Now, suppose I continue my story."

After some time Ellen became better, though it was long before she could walk in the garden, her illness having left her very weak. When she was quite recovered, our readers will be surprised to hear that she was not cured of her greedy disposition.

"I thought she was going to be good after suffering so much. How could she do so again?"

"I suppose, William, (replied Mr. Norton,) that, after a time, she forgot the pain she had endured, and was tempted by the sight of the fruit hanging on the low branches.—But, to proceed."

She did not touch the trees which were not ripe, but helped herself so freely from those that were so, that she seemed in a fair way to bring on a second fit of illness. Her father often missed fruit, which he was particular in preserving, but did not suspect his daughter, as she availed herself of those opportunities when the family were within doors, and then, concealing herself behind a tree till the gardener left his work, she would then quit her hiding-place, pick the fruit, and afterward steal into the house without being perceived.

One morning, as she was filling her pockets with plums, she suddenly heard a rustling among some thick trees near her: trembling with fright, she crept on tiptoe away to her hiding-place, from whence she observed her father cutting some branches from the shrubs; but his back was towards the spot where she had been taking the fruit. She rejoiced

in her escape, and was more bold than ever.

Another day, when Ellen had mounted a garden-stool, and was busy at one of the trees, her mother's voice, calling her at a distance, made her hastily put into her pocket the fruit which she had gathered; she then ran to her mother, who desired her to attend to some employment in the parlour.

After she had been a little while in doors, she began playing, instead of finishing the task her mother had given her, and turned over a tumbler of water on her frock; when, quickly drawing out her handkerchief, without recollecting the fruit, down rolled several plums! Her father and mother were greatly surprised and much grieved to find their child guilty of such improper conduct.

Ellen was confined to the nursery for two days, and felt the force of her parent's displeasure. It was not the loss of the fruit, but the deception which she

had practised, that excited their severe reproof. Ellen was much ashamed and humbled by being discovered, and made to suffer for her fault. She promised never again to be guilty of greediness; and this was her intention at the time she said so; but she was too much inclined to consult her appetite to correct herself without great attention.

She dare not venture, after what had passed, to pluck any more fruit in the garden; but she fancied, one day, some preserves, on the shelf in the store-room, would taste exceedingly nice. She therefore climbed up by the help of a chair, and a stool placed on it, resting one foot on a lower shelf. Very good indeed she found the contents of the jars she uncovered; and, after satisfying herself with a little of one and a little of another, she replaced them very neatly in the place from whence she had taken them, and descended carefully and safely to the ground.

"Indeed, I never heard of such a

greedy girl! To be sure, she will meet with something very bad at last," said William.

Ellen, having once tasted these dainties, could not be satisfied without mounting a second time to untie the covers; but in descending she was not so cautious as in her first attempt, and, the stool slipping off the chair, she fell on the floor, when, in trying to save herself by catching at the chair, she pulled it down upon her. The noise of the fall, together with her screams, drew the family to the spot, and discovered what had been her employment. But that was not now the worst part of the affair, as she was in dreadful pain, and, on being raised from the ground, her arm was found to be broken!

The consequences of this accident proved far worse than the illness occasioned by eating green fruit. She was confined nearly two months: this afforded her time to reflect on her past misconduct, which, with her mother's kind and

good advice, made her determine to correct herself. By constant restraint over her greedy inclinations, she at length became entirely altered, and, from a selfish child, grew up kind and generous in conduct and disposition.

"This is a nice tale, indeed, (said William;) I wish all little girls and boys may take warning from Ellen. Now, uncle, may we hear my tale?"

"No, (said his mother, as she looked at her watch,) it grows late: it is nearly eight o'clock; we must prepare to return home."

"I wish you to come again to-morrow evening, (said Mr. Norton,) and then we may see what William's will produce."

"That is a good plan, uncle, (cried William;) I am very willing to agree to it for one."

"So are we all, I am sure, (added Lucy,) if mamma will say she has no objection."

"I shall not oppose your uncle's kindness, my children," replied Mrs. Walter.

"Come, young folks, (said Mr. Norton,) you must not leave me this evening without a new-year's gift: here is a present for each of you."

Mr. Norton then gave them two shillings a-piece. They had received so much pleasure, that they felt quite surprised at this addition; but William soon recollected himself sufficiently to exclaim, as he began to caper about, "Oh, Thomas and Susan! happy Thomas and Susan! you'll soon sleep fine and warm; you shall have a new thick blanket."

"Then, (said Sophia, laughing,) you seem certain our money will be given as you please to decide."

"Yes, William, (added Lucy,) I think you might just have asked me for my two shillings, before you said how it was to be given away."

"I believe I was rather too hasty,

(replied William;) shall we put it all together for the blanket?"

"I wish it to be so," said Sophia.—Lucy also signified her assent.

The money was placed under Sophia's care, and they agreed to go to the neighbouring town the next morning to purchase the blanket. "And then, dear uncle, (said Sophia,) you will have given a new year's present both to us and Susan's family."

"I hope uncle will go with us to the shop, and help us to choose it," added Lucy.

"I shall not be able to do that, (replied Mr. Norton;) but you must give me an account of your purchase, when you visit me in the evening."

They then took leave of their uncle, and set forward on their walk.

William requested Lucy again to trust herself under his care, assuring her he would be very attentive; and he kept to his word.

The little party were so engaged talk-

ing over the events of the evening, and the pleasure they had produced, that the falling snow and blustering winds were little heeded; and they at last arrived safely by their own fire-side, just warmed their aching fingers, and then ran up stairs to bed. But, before they retired to rest, they, as usual, returned thanks to their heavenly Father for the blessings they possessed, and entreated Him to render them good and obedient children.

CHAP. II.

THE next morning, at breakfast, the events of the previous evening afforded much conversation. As soon as the breakfast things were removed, William was in great haste to set off to the town, and Lucy was scarcely less earnest. Sophia, being four years older than her brother, was better able to judge of her mother's morning engagements: she told them they must wait with patience, for that she would not be at liberty to accompany them for some time.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! (cried William, as he walked sorrowfully about the parlour,) what a time it will be:—why, suppose it comes on bad weather, what is then to be done?"

"Ah! (said Lucy, while she anxiously watched the clouds,) that is just what I have been thinking."

"I am as desirous to set off as you can possibly be (replied Sophia); but I believe neither of us would like to come home cold and hungry, and not find any thing ordered for our dinner."

"No, really, (said William,) that would not be very pleasant; but I should think it might all be settled in a minute."

"I fancy, (replied his sister,) that, if you were to undertake it, we should have much longer to wait than while it is under mamma's care."

"Perhaps you might, Sophia, for I should not know how to begin. But of one thing I am certain; and that is, that there will be no time to take the blanket to Susan after it is bought this morning."

"There you are right, William, (replied his sister,) for she lives a different way from that which leads to the town:

it will be an object for a walk to-mor row. We shall have a great deal of amusement to-day—going to town before dinner, and afterwards visiting our uncle, and hearing another pretty tale."

"Yes, (said William,) and he will tell us about some foreign country. To be sure, he is one of the kindest men that ever lived; he seems pleased because he sees us so. I hope, when I am as old as he is, that little boys and girls will like me as well. I think I should be very proud of giving plum-cake and shillings, and telling and reading pretty tales. It makes a person look so clever to sit in a great arm-chair, and be thanked and listened to."

"I consider, (said Sophia,) that the noticing young people makes a person look rather kind than clever; though knowing as much as uncle Norton does, is certainly being clever; but I do not see that the arm-chair has any thing to do with it."

"No, (replied William,) I do not

know that it has: only it looks so comfortable; I believe that is the reason I spoke of it."

"Ah, William, (said Sophia,) I find you like the nice warm seat by the fireside, as well as the amusing little boys and girls."

Here Mrs. Walter entered the room, and William eagerly enquired when they were to set off.

"In about half an hour, my love. I shall be engaged in the store-room, and you may come and inform me when the clock strikes ten."

William said he would be sure to remember the time, and his mother left the parlour.

"What fine white fellows, Sophia, are those Greenland bears which uncle was telling us about last night: only think how cleverly they contrive to get about upon the ice, such a way from land, in search of their food. I suppose the ice serves them instead of a boat; but, if the waves should send it a diffe-

rent way to that which the fishes swim, why then the poor bear may go without his dinner."

"I conclude (said Sophia,) that kind Providence, who made the bear, will also furnish it with the proper means for obtaining its subsistence. But do you know, William, that the Greenland men, as well as the bears, are very good sailors; I have read that they go out in small boats, which they guide in very rough seas, and often ride safely over billows that would destroy larger vessels. The women also have boats, which they row themselves, though the men assist in the management of them when the weather is stormy."

"What! the women go out to sea, and row their boats like the men! (said William:) I should think they had better remain in their houses; the great waves must frighten them."

"They are so much accustomed to be on the sea, that I do not suppose it alarms them, (said Sophia.) They do

not live in their huts, William, during the summer, but in tents, which they take great pains to ornament."

"I think, (added Lucy,) it must be very pleasant to live in tents: I should like to go for a week or two to Greenland."

"Greenland is in North America, Lucy, a great distance from England. If you will fetch me the map-book, I will show you where it is situated."

The young people continued to amuse themselves with conversation till the half-hour was expired.

"There, (cried William,) the clock strikes: I must go directly to the store-room." He ran and informed his mother that the time was arrived: she was soon ready to return with him, and he was very happy to see her ascend the stairs with his sisters, to prepare for their walk.

Lucy presently came skipping down into the hall, exclaiming, "Oh, dear me! if mamma and Sophia were as

quick as I am, we should now be going out of the door."

"Yes, (said her sister, who was now within hearing,) but you must remember, Lucy, that you are often the last. You were in particular haste this morning, and therefore placed your things ready beforehand; but I frequently hear you say, 'Where can my bonnet be?—Oh, what shall I do? my gloves are not to be found!'"

"That is very true, Lucy, (added William;) for many times you have put me almost out of patience, while you looked first for one thing, and then for another."

Lucy acknowledged that she had nothing to say in her defence, and expressed a wish to be more attentive for the future.

Their mother now joined them, and, William opening the door, they set out for their walk.

It was a fine morning; the sun shone

bright; and the icicles, which hung on the branches of the trees, sparkled in its rays.

"The sun feels very warm; I like my walk exceedingly," said Lucy.

"Yes, (added William,) it is very amusing to run on the top of this hard snow: come, Lucy, jump up and try, it will make you laugh, for it's difficult work to get on."

"No, William, I was satisfied with last night's adventure."

"But then it was soft and filled your shoes, the snow is now become much more firm."

Lucy at first shook her head, but at last climbed up to her brother, and they ran merrily along, hand in hand, till they came to a hollow place, into which they both fell. Lucy cried most piteously that she should be entirely buried, but her mother and Sophia came forward to assist, and soon raised her out of her snowy bed. William contrived

to extricate himself with much less difficulty, and was not a little pleased to think he had effected his escape without requiring assistance.

Mrs. Walter advised Lucy to be more careful for the future, but she was not inclined to follow this wise counsel; she set off running, when, as it was slippery, her foot tripped, and she met with another fall: having in this second disaster received a slight hurt on her arm, she became more attentive in keeping to the beaten path.

"I wonder what is the use of snow, mother?" said William.

"Seeds and tender plants which are in the ground would perish during a severe frost, were they not protected by this covering."

"Pray what is the use of lightning, mother?"

"It kills numbers of insects and vermin which destroy vegetables. Frost also proves of the same benefit."

They now came within view of the town, from the summit of a hill.

"Every house has a fire this cold day, (said William;) look at the smoke from the chimneys, it rises high in the air."

"It would be a sad thing to be without one, (added Lucy;) though, walking as quickly as we do, I am quite warm out of doors."

"Yes, (said her mother,) the warmth which is gained by exercise, is better for the health than that which is obtained by the assistance of fire."

They soon reached the bottom of the hill, entered the town, and went into a shop, where they were shown many different priced blankets. Their mother fixed upon two twelve-shilling ones; of these they were to take their choice. One was rather larger, but the other was the thickest. William was anxious that the most considerable size should be preferred, but Sophia thought the

thick one ought to bear the day, as it was likely to wear the longest time. They could not decide, till their mother was requested to give her opinion, and she agreed with Sophia. The purse was drawn, the twelve shillings taken out and laid on the counter.

William was very earnest that he might carry the blanket home, but his mother said it must be sent after them, as she was certain it would fatigue him before he reached the end of his walk.

William unwillingly resigned his prize, and left particular charge with the master of the shop, that his lad should set off as soon as possible.

They now turned their steps towards home. Lucy, who had also been greatly disappointed at leaving the blanket, and had scarcely recovered herself when they began to ascend the hill, peevishly complained of the great trouble there was in ascending it.

"We must not expect to find any

pursuit always equally easy, (said her mother;) most enjoyments are attended by some exertion, or require some trouble to attain them: I think our pleasures this morning have been much greater than our difficulties. We have bought a warm covering for Susan's bed, and had a fine sun-shiny walk. After all this, I hope my Lucy will blush to repine. Look round, and observe how wide a prospect the hill affords us; I think it forms a very agreeable change from the level road. Besides, hills are of much benefit to a country, they often shelter it from the violence of the wind; and spring-water, such as we drink, and rivers, have their sources in the hills."

"Pray, mother, how is it that a river becomes larger as it rolls on? (enquired William;) I have heard my uncle say, that it begins from a little stream."

"The spring of a river, my love, being in a high situation, the force with which its waters run down into the val-

lies causes it to form a wider bed, till it flows more easily. You may have observed, that a narrow brook often runs more rapidly than a wider one; it is because it has not room to pass freely."

"How is it, mamma, that pumps of spring-water are sunk in very low situations, if they rise in the hills?"

"The springs, William, run from the hills, and descend under-ground into the plain, where men sink wells, in order to obtain the water."

William's attention was here attracted by something he perceived at a distance.

"Pray look, mother; what is that dark object yonder, lying in the road?"

"I cannot discern any-thing, my love."

"But, if you mount this heap of snow, you will, mamma."

This his mother declined, and William ran forward to satisfy his curiosity;

he came back almost out of breath, to tell them it was a poor man, who, he supposed, had been thrown from his donkey, as there was one feeding near him. He added, that he had called, and then touched the man, but that he would not move or speak.

His mother and sisters, on hearing this information, ran to see if any-thing could be done to assist him. When they came to the spot, they found the man pale and insensible. The young people were much alarmed, but their mother desired them to wait patiently, as she had in her pocket a bottle of smelling-salts, which she thought might be serviceable to him. This remedy a little revived him, and he began to move.

Mrs. Walter directed William to run for assistance to a cottage just within sight, where the people were known to her. He quickly returned with the man, who was willing to give his assist-

ance and all the comforts that his little dwelling afforded: he carried the poor creature to his house, William led the donkey, and the rest of the party followed them.

They laid the poor man on a bed, and rubbed his hands and feet, which were very cold. After a while, he was so far recovered, as to notice what was passing around him. He spoke with great difficulty, complained of much pain in his head and side, and appeared so ill, that Mrs. Walter requested the cottager to fetch a medical gentleman, who lived at a little distance, and who, when he arrived, found his patient much injured by his fall; nor did he consider it proper to remove him from the cottage till he was stronger. He gave him some medicine, which much relieved his pain; and our little party left him, after their mother had promised to call again the following day, desired the cottagers to take every care of the invalid, and engaged to repay them for their trouble.

The young people were so much occupied with this subject, that Susan's blanket was forgotten till they reached home, when William and Lucy eagerly enquired whether the lad had brought it, and were much disappointed to find it had not yet arrived.

"Oh! dear me, (exclaimed William,) I am so very, very sorry."

Lucy, no less disconcerted, was beginning to shed tears, when her mother said, "I am surprised, my dear children, that you should lament over a circumstance of so little consequence. As Susan will not have it till to-morrow, the delay can be of no moment."

"Yes, but I am very impatient to see it," said William.

"It is very silly to talk in this way, William, it is making a toil of pleasure, and I shall not suffer you and Lucy to join in such gratifications, unless you behave with more self-command."

The children both confessed they had

acted wrong, and, assuming a more chearful countenance, they retired to prepare for dinner.

The morning's ramble was the subject of discourse during their meal.

Soon after the cloth was removed, William jumped from his stool, with an expression of delight, exclaiming, that he saw the blanket carried past the window; and, running into the hall, he brought it into the parlour in triumph.

The paper was untied, the blanket opened, and much admired.

"It is a fine warm one, (said William, spreading his hands and passing them lightly over it:) I shall long as much to hear how Susan likes it the first night, as I do now to take it to her to-morrow. Well, to be sure, to-morrow will be a busy day: there is this blanket,—then the poor man at the cottage: I hope we shall find him better then. I suppose we shall go to see uncle in the evening, as we cannot read both the tales to-night."

As lessons had not been attended to in the morning, the young people sat down, as soon as the blanket was re-packed, to study them with their utmost diligence, to convince their mother that they were not rendered idle by the amusement she had afforded them.

They set off for Mr. Norton's at half-past five, and, as it was still fine, they had a more pleasant walk than on the last evening.

"Sophia, what do you suppose the next tale will be?" enquired Lucy.

"I have not the least idea," replied her sister.

"Then try if you can guess."

"It would be quite useless for me to guess, Lucy, when I have never heard even its title."

"It is my tale which is to be read to-night," said William.

"What will you do with it, William, after to-night?" enquired Lucy.

"Put it away very carefully in my

keep-sake box,—both as it is uncle's present, and because I think it will be a pretty story."

"Ah, so shall I, (said Lucy,) and fold it in a sheet of white paper, that it may not be soiled, for you know uncle advises us to keep every thing very neat which we have under our care."

They were kindly received by their uncle. The tea-things were already prepared, with plenty of bread-and-butter, and a handsome plate of plum-cake.

They took off their walking-dresses, and very cheerfully formed a ring round the fire, to warm themselves, before the urn made its appearance. Its singing sound was soon heard in the hall, and Sophia rose in readiness to make the tea.

"I enjoy tea-time exceedingly," said Lucy.

"Yes, (replied William,) of a winter's evening, when uncle is with us, it

is the most pleasant part of the day. I love to hear about foreign countries."

"Aye, (said his uncle,) I understand you young gentleman,—you wish to have one of my old stories to-night."

"That he does, (added Lucy,) he has talked a great deal about them to-day."

"Well, what is to be the subject?" said Mr. Norton.

"Oh! any one you can remember, dear uncle."

"Then, perhaps, as it is the winter season, you may consider some little account of the Rein-Deer an appropriate one, being a native of cold climates.

"This animal is very useful to the Laplanders and Greenlanders; it conveys them and their scanty furniture from one mountain to another; it affords them milk; its skin forms their cloathing: of that part which covered the head and feet these people make

their snow-shoes, with the hair on the outside. The remainder forms other articles of dress, which are sometimes lined with the fur of the glutton, or some other warm-furred animal.

"The skin of deer also serves them for beds, which they spread on each side of the fire, upon leaves of the dwarf beech-tree. Many garments, made of these skins, are sold every year to the more southern inhabitants of Europe. The tongue of the deer is considered a delicacy for the table, and is sent to different countries.

"There is scarcely any part of these animals which is not useful. The horns are converted into glue; the sinews, when dried, make a strong kind of thread, not unlike cat-gut. When the deer grow old, they are killed, and the flesh is dried in the air, sometimes hardened with smoke for travelling-food. When the deer first shed their coats, the hair is brown, but, as the summer ad-

vances, it grows light, and at length becomes nearly grey; they are, however, always black about the eyes, and just above the hoof they have a white ring.

"The hair of the rein-deer is very thick; it is less in size than the stag, but its horns are more considerable, and branch forward over the eyes. When it is travelling, it lays its largest horns on its back, while two branches hang over its forehead, and almost cover its face.

"Its pace is a kind of trot, which it will continue for a whole day. As the deer moves forward, his hoofs crack with a loud noise; they are cloven, that is, divided, so that he spreads them as he goes, to prevent his sinking in the snow.

"The food of the deer is the moss that grows over the fields and on the trees; they seek it, though covered with snow, which they turn up with their noses, like swine, even if it be frozen and stiff.

"They are much troubled by gnats, particularly in the summer season, their horns being then in a tender state: clouds of these insects settle upon them, and exceedingly distress them. They can only avoid this enemy by climbing high mountains, where the air is too cold for the gnats to follow, or by taking shelter with their masters in the smoke of a moss fire, which they kindle to save themselves from these insects."

"What a sad thing it is that they are so perplexed," said William.

"But there is also (continued his uncle,) a gad-fly, which, for some months in the year, is no less formidable. This insect is bred under their skins; the deer attempt, by tossing their horns and running amongst each other, to frighten and avoid it, but generally in vain; the gad-fly wounds the skin, and frequently brings on incurable disorders.

"The deer would run up the mountains in order to escape this insect, but,

as their food is in the plains, their masters send dogs to drive them down. They have often grand contests; the deer attempt to force their way up, while the dogs, by barking and howling, oblige them to return."

"I think that is very unkind," said Lucy.

"No, my love, they would be starved were they allowed to proceed."

"Now, will you tell us something more about the deer, uncle?" said William.

"I think you have heard sufficient for the present. To-morrow, if you wish it, I will give you some account of the Laplanders."

"That we shall, uncle," replied Lucy.

"Now, (said William,) is it not time to begin with my tale?"

The packet having been given to Mr. Norton, he unfolded it, and began to read as follows:—

THE TALE OF THE GOOD BOY.

ROBERT and Charles both lost their parents when they were very young, and were kindly educated by a gentleman of the name of Wilson.

Charles had always shown himself a good boy, but Robert was of a selfish, deceitful disposition, and exceedingly jealous of Mr. Wilson's fondness for Charles. He used many artifices in order to lessen him in their patron's favourable opinion, but without success.

At school he was unkind to Charles, though in Mr. Wilson's presence he always conducted himself with the greatest propriety. He at length adopted a plan, which he believed would deprive him of Mr. Wilson's regard.

Mr. Wilson one day missed a silver snuff-box, which he particularly valued;

he searched every place in which he thought it could be laid, but to no purpose.

Robert and Charles had been in the habit of amusing themselves with it, and Mr. Wilson made many enquiries of them, as to where they had last seen it. Robert declared he should not be satisfied unless his drawer of keep-sakes was examined, the key of which he kept in his pocket.

Mr. Wilson told him, that, if the box were there, he must be aware of it, and he did not suspect him of having intended to conceal it. Robert, however, still intreated that his drawer might be examined, and his request was complied with; but the box was not to be found. After this, Mr. Wilson said, it would be unfair not to search Charles's also; who, knowing he had not touched the lost treasure, willingly fetched his key. The drawer was opened and inspected, and Mr. Wilson was on the point of

saying he had not met with it, when he felt something hard in a small bag, and, on undrawing it, he beheld the silver snuff-box!

"How could it come there?" enquired William.

"I cannot think, (said Lucy;) but I long to hear, uncle."

Mr. Wilson was completely astonished: poor Charles coloured deeply, not from feeling guilty, but because he was suspected of being so. Mr. Wilson severely reproached him, believing he must have intended to keep it, or would have returned it when enquired for. But the truth was, Robert had found Charles's key, left by accident in his coat-pocket, with which he opened the drawer, put the box into the bag, and replaced the key where he had found it.

Their patron could not think of retaining under his roof so unprincipled a boy as he imagined Charles to be, and so bad an example for Robert; he there-

fore sent him to a different school, informing him, that his kindness towards him would depend on his future conduct.

Charles quitted Mr. Wilson's dwelling with a sorrowful heart. He had a dismal journey to school, where the news of his disgrace had travelled before him, which made him very unhappy, as his school-fellows regarded him as a dishonest lad, locked up their boxes and desks, and avoided having much communication with him.

His master often gave him good advice; but, as he was innocent, it grieved him to hear the voice of reproof. As no admonitions could induce him to confess that he had taken the box, his master lamented to see him as he thought so resolute in an untruth, and treated him with much coolness.

"How very unkind that was, (said William,) he must have been a hard-hearted man."

"You will hear what Charles thought, (replied his uncle.) Charles was much distressed by the conduct of his master and school-fellows; but, knowing, with the character they had received, it was only what he must expect, he quietly bore his troubles, trying to devote his attention by close application to his learning, in which he made such progress that he was soon the first boy in his class."

One day, as his master was sitting in his parlour, he heard the boys in the school-room, which was the adjoining apartment, speaking particularly loud; one of them said, "there he is yonder, he has found something, I suppose he is going to lock it up, and take it away with him."

"Let us go and see," cried another.

"No, no, (said an elder boy,) stay quietly here, and we shall find it out; we'll watch him into the house, and catch him before he gets to his box."

The master looked out at the window, and saw Charles at a distance down the garden, busily employed rubbing something with his coat-sleeves. One of his school-fellows passing him just at that moment, he slipped it into his pocket; but, when the lad was gone out of sight, it was again submitted to the same rubbing operation. At length, after taking much pains, he replaced it in his waistcoat-pocket, and set off full speed into the house. The boys who had watched him the whole time, when they saw him reach the hall-door, ran from the window to meet him on the staircase, in order to prevent his going into his bed-room. The master also moved to the parlour-door, and, as he opened it, heard Charles calling, "Master! Master!" while he came up the stairs; but the boys were making too great a bustle to hear these words, and, when he reached the landing, they seized him roughly by the collar, telling

him he was a great thief, and should be severely punished.

The master now came forward, and desired that not one of the boys would speak, under pain of his displeasure,—ordered them to release Charles,—and then enquired the reason of his calling to him as he ascended the stairs.

"Because I had found something, sir, which I thought would please you."—He then produced a gold coin, which his master directly knew to be one he had missed the year before, and, after much search, had given up as entirely lost; and, as Charles had only been at the school about five months, he was certain he had not taken it, but concluded one of his little children had carried it away as a plaything, and dropped it on the spot where Charles discovered it.

His school-fellows were astonished to see him so honestly return the coin; as their master's having heard him call be-

fore they attempted to speak to him, convinced them it was not fright which induced him to confess. His master enquired what was his reason for hiding the coin while the boy passed him? Charles replied, that he was fearful he should tell before he had finished polishing it, and then he should have lost the pleasure of presenting it in perfection.

"I am glad this is found out, however," said William.

"This is a pretty part of the story," added Lucy.

Mr. Norton continued,—The master shortly after this event wrote Mr. Wilson an account of Charles's conduct during the time he had been at school, saying, that he could scarcely credit his being really guilty of taking the snuff-box.

A fortnight passed, and no answer was returned; Charles still silently bore the trial.

One morning, during school-time, a carriage drove to the door, and the master was immediately called out.—He soon returned and informed Charles, sufficiently loud for all the boys to hear him, that Robert had been thrown from a horse and extremely injured, and that his alarm at his past wicked conduct had induced him to confess that he put the box into Charles's drawer, in order to bring disgrace upon him: he added, that Charles must set off directly for Mr. Wilson's, as it was uncertain whether Robert would recover, and he wished to receive his pardon as soon as possible.

Charles was much affected by this account, he burst into tears, and was unable to make any reply. His schoolfellows looked at each other in surprise; they had treated him with much harshness, and were now greatly ashamed. Charles, however, by the kind leave he took of them, showed that he did not

feel any resentment. He thanked his master for his goodness to him, said he wished to return to his school; and, after shaking hands all round, stepped into the carriage, and reached Mr. Wilson's in the course of a few hours.

His patron received him with the utmost kindness,—with tears of pleasure for the discovery of the truth, and tears of regret for his past troubles.

Though Robert was very ill, he entreated that he might see Charles without delay, and a most affecting meeting it proved: Robert thought he could not sufficiently express his grief for his wicked conduct; and Charles feared he should not appear so kind and forgiving as he really felt. He watched Robert with anxious attention for some weeks, and was happy to perceive considerable signs of amendment.

In the course of several months, Robert entirely recovered, and Mr. Wilson proposed their returning to their

studies. Charles knew that Robert was acquainted with some bad boys at the school where he had hitherto been placed, and, therefore, entreated Mr. Wilson to permit them to try the one he had himself recently quitted. Robert was willing to go, and Mr. Wilson gave his consent.

When they arrived at the school, Charles took an early opportunity of requesting the boys to behave as though they had never heard of the snuff-box, as it would much distress him if Robert was unkindly treated on that account. The boys promised to attend to his wishes, and entreated his pardon for their past conduct, which he readily granted.

Robert was kindly received for Charles's sake, to whom he grew more attached, while he studied to imitate his good example.

They both grew up well-informed and useful men, and Robert never failed

to express his gratitude to his friend. Mr. Wilson lived to be an old man, and was happy to think his adopted children had proved such amiable characters.

They kept up an acquaintance with several of their school-fellows, and always ranked their worthy master among their most particular friends.

"Well, (said William,) this is a beautiful tale, I really think it is the best I ever heard.—Lucy, I mean to fold mine in two sheets of paper for fear it should be injured."

"It is very pretty, (replied Lucy,) but then it is about boys, and, therefore, I like mine the best for a girl."

"I am sure we have all reason to be obliged to you, uncle, for selecting such amusing stories for us, (said Sophia.) Susan, also, will to-morrow feel the benefit of your presents to us,—we have bought a charming blanket for her."

They then informed their uncle at

full length of their purchase, and of their meeting with the old man on the road, and promised to give a particular account of the next morning's events, when they visited him in the evening. They then bade him adieu, and, without once reflecting on the wintry blast, arrived safely at their own door,—so busy was the thought, and active the tongue, throughout their cheerful walk.

CHAP. III.

"I AM afraid it will be a snowy day, mamma," cried William, as he entered the parlour after breakfast the following morning.

"I hope not, (replied his mother;) but we must not make ourselves uneasy if the weather should prove unfavourable."

"Oh, yes! but it will sadly spoil our plans."

"Why so, William? you have a thick coat to shelter you, and we have warm mantles."

"Yes, but what is to be done with the blanket? it would be such a pity to have it wetted by the snow."

"It will be packed in paper, and, if it be a little damp, the fire will soon air it."

"Yes, but it may prevent Susan's putting it on the bed to-night, and that would be such a disappointment."

"I have before told you, William, that you cannot always meet with circumstances exactly conformable to your wishes, and you will destroy every pleasure by giving yourself uneasiness about trifles. The morning is cloudy, but it may clear; and, if it do not, we ought to be satisfied and thankful in having it in our power to bestow so acceptable a present."

"To be sure we ought, (exclaimed William, as his countenance brightened at this idea;) for it is a charming thing to carry such a prize, whether the sun shines or the snow falls.—May I take it myself, dear mamma? it is only a quarter of a mile to the cottage."

"I have no objection, as the distance

is short; but, do you not remember yesterday, that, when I did not approve of your bringing it the two miles and a half from the town, how much concerned you were? Had I given way to you, what an incumbrance it would have been, when we had to attend the poor man on the road."

"Yes, it would, indeed, mamma."

"Then you will see, my child, that you will do best another time to follow my advice, without looking grave and disappointed."

"I know I shall, mamma," replied William.

"And I also, (said Lucy;) for I was really as sorry as William, though I did not say so much. And now, mamma, which shall we first call to see, Susan or the old man?"

"The old man, certainly, Lucy; he is an invalid, and, therefore, has the first claim on our attention; and, when we find how he is to-day, perhaps I may

think of something for his dinner. If you are good children, I intend to give you another half-holiday; but then you must be exceedingly attentive in the afternoon. I am happy to think you behaved very properly yesterday."

They thanked their mother, and promised to attend to her advice. She then told them that she should be engaged till ten o'clock, when they might inform her of the time; and, so saying, she left the room.

Sophia had been absent during this conversation; but, on her return soon afterwards, Lucy said, "Sister, William is going to wind mamma's threads, and cannot you be so kind as to think of something pretty to tell us, while we sit at our work?"

"If you will give me leave, I will fix what it shall be, (added William;) you were saying, Sophia, as you came home last night, that you learned by heart some account of the Glutton, whose skin lines the Laplander's dresses."

"Yes, that will be a charming subject, Sophia," said Lucy.

"If you will assist me in bringing the work-table near the fire, (replied Sophia,) and placing the chairs in order, we can pursue our employments, and then I will attend to your request."

The little folks complied with their sister's desire, who then seated herself on one side of the table; Lucy took possession of the other, whilst William drew a chair opposite to the stool which he had mounted, threw the skeins of thread over the back of it, and began to wind on a card which Sophia had handed to him.

Sophia now informed them, that "the glutton (so called from it voracious appetite,) is found in the north of Europe, and Siberia, and also in the northern parts of America: its body is thick and long; the legs short; it is black along the back, and of a reddish-brown on the sides. Its fur is very valuable, from

SOPHIA now informed them that the Glutton is found in the north of Europe.

vide Winter Scene page 72.

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its softness and beautiful gloss, and is preferred above all others, with the exception of the Siberian fox. The tail of the glutton is bushy, like that of the weasel. Its legs and claws are more fitted for climbing trees than running along the ground, it takes its prey by surprise, ascends a tree, and there waits, sometimes for days together, till some large animal passes beneath, upon which it darts down and destroys it.

"The glutton prefers the flesh of deer to any other food; it sticks its claws between their shoulders, and remains firmly fixed. The deer attempts to escape, by running with great speed, threatening with its horns, or tearing down branches of trees, and rubbing itself against their trunks. Pieces of the glutton's skin are frequently seen adhering to trees, rubbed off by the fury of the deer; but the tormenting animal is more sensible to the calls of hunger than distressed by the injury it receives;

it still clings to the deer, eating its neck, and digging to the great blood-vessels. At length, the deer, wounded and faint with loss of blood, falls down and dies."

"Oh! what a shocking creature it is, (exclaimed Lucy;) pray let us hear some more about it, Sophia."

"After destroying his prey, the glutton makes up for the time which he has fasted by eating enormous quantities at a time, till, from looking thin, he becomes very large, and his whole figure alters by being distended. He continues to gratify his appetite until he lies in a torpid state by the animal he had killed for three or four days. The smell of the glutton is so extremely offensive, that no animal will attack him while in this helpless condition, and he, therefore, eats and sleeps till he has finished his prey, bones and all, and then again mounts a tree to wait for fresh food."

"This is a most disagreeable creature, indeed, (said William;) I think I

will never be greedy, for fear I should be considered like a glutton.—Now, Sophia, pray tell us something more about it."

"The glutton prefers its food in a putrid state. It will eat almost every creature that comes within its reach. It fortunately moves too slow to overtake many animals by running on the ground. It sometimes pursues the beaver, which generally escapes to the water. In winter, it attacks the retreats of the beaver; but, on entering, usually finds them empty, as the beaver withdraws by a concealed way.

"When the glutton has been distressed by hunger, it has been observed to examine traps which were set by men, in order to discover whether they contained prey. It follows animals hunting others for their food; comes up when they are taken, and destroys both. At other times, when at a loss for food, it will dig up graves,

and devour human bodies; on this account, the inhabitants of the countries in which it lives extremely detest it.

"The glutton does not fear the sight fo men, but will boldly approach several persons together, and will not retire till hurt by blows. They are resolute in defence of their young, and dogs are then fearful to attack them, as they bite most cruelly."

"A very nice account you have given us, and we are much obliged to you, Sophia;" said William.

"We are, indeed, (added Lucy;) but I do not think the glutton an agreeable animal."

"You must remember, Lucy, (said Sophia,) that nothing which is greedy can be pleasing."

"Sophia, cannot you give us a description of some other curious animal?"

"Not now, William; it is nearly time for us to prepare for our walk."

The clock striking in a few minutes, proved that Sophia was correct; and William did not delay to announce to his mother that it was the appointed hour.

During their walk to the cottage, William remarked, "It was a bad fall for the poor old man; I am surprised that a donkey should be so gay as to throw his rider."

"I believe you must mean to say, so perverse;" added Sophia.

"Yes, Sophia; perverse would be the most proper word: but then, I am not surprised, as donkies are generally badly used and poorly fed; and, therefore, we cannot wonder that they behave so obstinately."

"I think (said Lucy,) that is a very clever speech of yours, William; I like to hear you take their part: they are much nicer animals than the gluttons: being obstinate does not seem so disagreeable as being greedy."

"However you may fancy it seems, Lucy, (replied her mother,) I can assure you, that it is quite as improper to give way to obstinacy, as to encourage a greedy disposition.—You must, however, remember, that it is the nature of brute animals, and that with them it is not wrong to indulge such propensities; though it would be, for little boys and girls who are capable of reflexion.—To brute creatures are given inclinations, which lead them to seek their food and safety in the way best adapted to their different natures: they do not understand why they so act, they are merely directed by instinct.

"The glutton often remains many days without finding suitable food, and he is, therefore, so formed, that the large quantities he has previously eaten, support him during the absence of a fresh supply.

"The labours of the ass are generally required by people who are igno-

rant, and frequently unthinking; and, had he not this obstinate disposition, he might be driven beyond his strength; but, his coat being thick, and his stubbornness great, he will bear much beating before he can be made to do even that which is easy to him."

William was pleased with the distinction which his mother had pointed out to him, between the instinct of animals, and the reason or understanding bestowed by the Almighty on human beings: and Lucy expressed her satisfaction at her mother's taking the part of the brute creation.

"I think the sun is going to shine, (said William;) there, it is just peeping through the cloud. What a pleasant thing it is to have a sun, the moon would not do half as well.—Oh! I am glad I do not live in Greenland."

"The sun (said his mother,) is not only useful in giving us light, but its warmth causes the growth of seeds and

plants. Having so small a portion of its beams is the reason that the more northern countries are dreary and unfruitful."

"There goes the sun entirely behind the cloud, (said Lucy;) but, perhaps, it will come out again before you set off with the blanket, William."

"Oh, never mind if it do not, (replied her brother;) I can hold it under my coat, and that will save it a little."

"Very little, indeed;" said Lucy, laughing.

"Well, then, Lucy, we may walk together; you shall put your mantle over one half, and then I know my coat will cover the other."

"Yes, but it would make me very cold; I cannot say I think it a wise plan, Master William."

"I believe (said Sophia,) that it will be better to trust it to a good paper covering; I am afraid that the coat and mantle will not be of much service."

"Ah! (cried William,) there is the roof of the cottage; I can just spy it from this bank."

On reaching the humble dwelling, they opened the door with care, lest the invalid should be asleep; he was in an inner room, where the family generally laid their straw mattresses, but they had now resigned it, with their only bedstead, to their visitor.

The cottager's wife informed them, that the poor man was considerably better; had enjoyed some rest during the night; and that he was very grateful for the attention which they paid him.

On finding him awake, they proceeded to the apartment: he attempted to raise himself, in order to speak to them, but Mrs. Walter requested him not to disturb himself.

"Dear ladies, (said he,) how very kind you have been; I must have perished in the cold, had you not taken pity on me, as I had no friend on earth

to come to my assistance; yet, I humbly trust that I have a Friend in heaven, who is always able to give us succour in the hour of need."

He then told them, that he obtained his bread by carrying a small quantity of hardware about the country; that, in the pad which they had observed on his donkey, were common scissors and knives. Not having any family, he had no regular home, but took up his abode for a time in those towns in which he was most likely to find custom. He had about six pounds' worth of goods; and this, with his ass, was his whole property. He begged Mrs. Walter to take as many knives and scissors as would repay the expense which he had caused them. For their kindness, he had no other return to offer, but his humble thanks.

Mrs. Walter replied, that she would not lessen his little stock of goods, as she intended to provide him with every

thing which was requisite whilst he remained at the cottage. She added, that she now called to see how he was, and to enquire what they should send him for his dinner.

Tears bedewed the old man's furrowed cheeks at these offers of benevolence.

"To hear such words of kindness, Madam, is a feast indeed; but, as to food, I do not require more than the tea and bread which these good people have given me; it is all I wish to have."

Mrs. Walter did not consider that meat would be good for him; she, therefore, told the cottager to send one of his boys in about an hour, when he should take back a light pudding for the invalid, and also a plum-pudding she had ordered the cook to make for the little cottagers, who, on hearing this information, began capering about in such glee, that their mother desired them to

leave the room, lest they should disturb her sick charge.

Sophia then enquired how the poor man fell from his donkey?

"'It was slippery, Madam; she lost her footing, and came on her knees. The fall was very sudden; and I, being but weak, could not hold on the saddle, but fell on one side: and that is all I can remember. I suppose I laid there till you found me."

"Now, the poor donkey was not to blame after all! (cried Lucy:) poor thing; I am afraid she must have hurt her knees very much."

"No, young lady, as soon as I was well enough, I enquired about Jenny, and the good man of the cottage brought her to my bed-side, that I might see she was not the worse for it, only just a little hair rubbed off her knees."

"I'll go and see her before I return home," said William.

"And so will I," added Lucy.

The poor man was much pleased with their attention to his favourite. Having again received his thanks for their kindness, Mrs. Walter and her children took their leave, promising to call again the following day. William, accompanied by Sophia and Lucy, paid his visit to the stable; and, after giving Jenny many pats and praises, they bade her adieu, hastening towards home, as they had to convey the blanket to Susan before dinner.

"We have had an agreeable visit at the cottage," said Sophia.

"We have, indeed, (added Lucy:) he is a nice old man; his face looks so mild and good; his few grey hairs shine and lie so smooth on his forehead; I quite loved to see him."

"When they reached home, William ran to fetch the blanket, and, adjusting it under one arm, his other assisting to support it, they set out a second time on their walk.

Sophia and Lucy were so much amused at seeing William and his large parcel, that for some time they could scarcely proceed; but, as he bore away the prize, he gave them full liberty to laugh, and he trotted away so nimbly and gravely by his mother's side, intent upon the prospect of Susan's pleasure, that his sisters found it necessary to follow him with a quick step.

"William! William! (cried Lucy, as she ran after him;) let me hold one end of the parcel, I am sure you cannot carry it far without I help you."

"Oh, yes, it is very light indeed, (replied William;) not half so heavy as the two books I carried the other day to uncle Norton's, though they were not a quarter so big."

However, as Lucy begged she might have the pleasure of supporting part of the burthen; they took hold of the string at each end, and carried it famously between them.

"How nicely we have brought the blanket home, (said Lucy, as they stopped at Susan's door;) not one drop of rain, nor one flake of snow to prevent their laying it on their bed to-night."

Susan had been a servant in Mrs. Walter's family, and she married away when Lucy was four years old. The children were very fond of her, and paid her frequent visits. Her husband had long been an invalid, which prevented his following his daily work, and, without Mrs. Walter's assistance, Susan would have been reduced to great want.

She had a little boy and girl: the boy was a baby in arms, and little Sarah, who had just reached her second birthday, was a great favourite with Sophia and Lucy. William told them, that he intended to keep his love for Harry,—he longed to have him walk alone, and begin to talk, and then his sisters would see what a fine fellow he would become.

When they entered the cottage, Susan was sitting at work, and was rocking the cradle with her foot; while little Sarah, on a stool at her knee, was nursing a doll that the young ladies had given her, but which she had beheaded some weeks before. Thomas, who looked pale and ill, was in a chair by the fire, working at a list shoe; his last, scissors, and pieces of cloth, lay beside him on a small round table. On a dresser and shelf opposite the fire, were ranged their tea-things, mugs, plates, and dishes. Two empty chairs were placed against the wall, and two brass candlesticks on the mantle-piece. This composed the furniture of the room, which was the picture of neatness.

Susan raised her eyes as they lifted the latch, and left her chair to welcome them to her dwelling. Thomas laid down his work, and supported himself by his stick whilst he made his bow. Sarah threw her doll on the floor, ran

to Sophia and Lucy, and, with her little prattling voice, attempted to gain their attention; she was soon on Sophia's lap, while Lucy, on her knees before her, was at high play.

William was too much occupied with his large bundle, to observe the children; but, before his mother had finished her enquiries after Thomas's health, he cried out in an audible voice: "See Susan: Look Thomas! here's something that will soon make you well."

Then he fell most busily to work, in order to untie the string, intending to display the beauties of the present all in a moment; but, in his care to render it secure on leaving home, he made such a firm knot, that it could not be undone, and he therefore exerted his strength to burst it, which he did not effect till Thomas and Susan were waiting with surprise for the opening of the paper. At length he threw away the string, tore open the paper, and catch-

ing up one end of the blanket, whilst Lucy held a second, he ran to the other end of the room, which spread the blanket to full view, before the admiring eyes of the worthy couple.

"Dear me, (exclaimed Susan,) you are far too good. It is very beautiful and comfortable, but I do not know how to thank you properly;" and her colour came, because she had not more words at command to express her gratitude.

"Aye, (added Thomas,) as Master William says, I think it will do me good; I was longing last night for more covering."

They were both much delighted, praised its thickness and large size, and the young people felt happy in being the means of affording so much pleasure.

They comforted little Sarah, on taking leave, by giving her a cake; and, followed by the grateful thanks of her

parents, turned their steps towards home.

Charity and the keen wind sweetened their repast. They sat down to dinner with a good appetite, and, after the cloth was removed, opened their lesson books with the resolution to study them with diligence.

They retired at half-past five to prepare for their walk. The snow fell a little, but the wind was still. William amused himself with jumping from one heap of snow to another; Lucy longed to join in the sport, but the hole into which she fell the day before was not forgotten, and she durst not venture, but trotted on beside her mother and Sophia, with her eyes fixed on William's wonderful feats, which, through the dusky scene, she was yet able to discern.

Mr. Norton received them with his usual kindness. When the tea-things were removed, Lucy reminded her uncle

that he had promised to give them some account of the Laplanders. He willingly agreed to perform his engagement; and told them, that—Lapland is a large country in the north of Europe, subject to Sweden; that it is divided into two districts, the mountainous and the woody. The mountains are barren and exceedingly cold, yet they are the most desirable part of the country. Their sides are well peopled in summer by the shepherds, who build their cottages near together, and lead a cheerful life.

The Laplanders are divided into fishers and mountaineers: as the winter approaches, the latter are obliged to descend into the plains beneath, each bringing with him his flock of deer, which often amounts to more than a thousand.

The fishers, who are much poorer, reside in the plains and woods all the year round. In summer they live on

the borders of lakes, and in winter in the forests. They support themselves by fishing and hunting: wild deer and wolves they knock down with clubs, bears they generally shoot, and finish killing them with spears.

In the plains of Lapland the country is desolate and frightful; nothing is to be seen, even in summer, but fields covered with moss white as snow, and forests rendered dark and gloomy by moss of a black hue; but this herbage, though it disfigures the prospect, is valued, as offering food for the deer.

The Laplanders build canoes, which are small, light, and compact. They make sledges, which they form of canoes; also harness for rein-deer, which they drive in sledges; utensils in wood, such as cups, bowls, &c. sometimes prettily carved, and ornamented with bones, brass, or horn. It is the man's employment to look after the kitchen. The women are engaged in forming

fishing-nets, milking the deer, making cheese, tanning hides, and drying fish and meat. These people live in huts in the form of tents, covered with briars, bark, linen, turf, coarse cloth, or skins of animals; the door is made of felt, (which is a hide or skin,) and formed like two curtains that open in the centre.

They construct these huts so low, that they are unable to stand upright in them. During the night-time they cover themselves with their clothes, and in winter they put their feet in fur bags. But, hardened to the climate, the Laplander will sleep in the midst of ice, or doze away his time with tobacco.

They embroider their dress with brass, wire, silver, sham gold, or wool, which they have the art of dying of various colours. The dress of the women very much resembles that of the men; they are, however, distinguished by wearing a girdle embroidered with brass wire, handkerchiefs, and little aprons,

made of Russian painted cloth; rings on their fingers, and ear-rings, to which they frequently hang chains of silver, and pass them two or three times round the neck. Some of their caps are formed to the shape of the head, whilst others are folded like turbans.

The rein-deer supplies the Laplanders with their principal food, but the flesh of bears is their most delicate meat. They eat every kind of fish, and all sorts of wild animals which they can obtain, served up entirely raw.

They put the milk of rein-deer into skins, and let it freeze until it becomes a firm icy substance, and, when they wish to use it, chop pieces off with a hatchet. They make a kind of cheese, so fat, that it takes fire on applying a candle. They season their food with the fat of sea-dogs, and salt, when they can procure it.

Some of their bread is made of pounded fish-bones and the inner bark

of pine trees. Their common beverage is water, sometimes mixed with milk. Brandy is scarce, but they are fond of it.

When Mr. Norton had finished this amusing account, he received the thanks of the young people. Sophia's Tale was now presented to him, and he began as follows:—

THE BENEFITS OF INDUSTRY.

The parents of Emma and Louisa were partners in a prosperous business, but the father of the latter was much the most wealthy man; and Louisa, on that account, conducted herself with great haughtiness towards the humble Emma,—and, when she noticed her, showed that she considered it a condescension, for which Emma ought to feel herself particularly obliged.

Louisa had been brought up as an

ignorant fine lady, had her servant constantly to attend her, never attempted to work at her needle, and all she could be induced to learn, was merely a little reading, to write an almost unintelligible hand, to play a few tunes on the piano, and to daub over a flower. Emma had been differently educated, she could finish all kinds of useful needle-work, read extremely well, wrote and kept accounts very correctly, had been instructed in many branches of useful information, and was always employed and industrious, instead of lounging on the sofa, or playing with birds and a lap-dog great part of the day.

Emma had observed Louisa's haughty manner, and, though above being offended by it, yet she seldom visited her, as it was not agreeable to subject herself to such unhandsome conduct. Louisa had much satisfaction in displaying to Emma the difference be-

tween walking through the wet, and riding in a handsome carriage. She was, however, mistaken in supposing that Emma envied the luxuries she did not possess. She was quite contented, and attended her place of worship, or enjoyed the country air on foot, with a much happier mind than Louisa, who drove to the public walks, or was handed out of the chariot at the church-door.

"What a sweet creature is Emma; I should like to be as good and as clever," said Lucy.

"If you are as contented and industrious, (replied her mother,) you may one day be as amiable as she appears."

Mr. Norton continued reading:—After a time, by unexpected misfortunes, the business in which their parents were engaged, became involved in difficulties. They lost most of their property, and were obliged to retire to very small

Thus she earned sums of money which added to their comforts.

vide Winter Scene page 5

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dwellings, each retaining only one servant.

Emma, who had shown her industrious disposition when there was less need for her exertions, now displayed the real benefits it afforded. She was active in the house, and, with the assistance of a young servant-girl, kept every thing in the most beautiful order.

She also obtained some needle-work; and the ladies who supplied her, perceiving it was finished in the neatest manner, gave her as much as she could undertake. Thus she earned sums of money which added to their comforts.

Louisa, on the contrary, only sighed and lamented over her fate, left the servant to attend to the house, without taking the slightest care upon herself, and it in consequence soon presented a very forlorn appearance. Her father complained of this want of comfort, and represented to her Emma's superior management. Louisa, however, would

not listen to his advice; but, in the course of time, she perceived how respectably Emma continued to appear; that, while she was shabby and untidy, Emma's dress was always clean and neat; that Emma's father met her with a cheerful countenance and expressions of commendation, whilst her father was continually lamenting the irregularity so visible in his family.

She at length became convinced of her own deficiencies, and determined to request Emma's assistance in reforming her idle habits. The latter had remarked, that for some weeks she had called upon her more frequently, and been much kinder in her manner, yet looked very sorrowful.

She, therefore, one day enquired if she could be of any service to her, as she appeared to be unhappy. Louisa burst into tears, and acknowledged that she had for some time wished to request Emma's advice, but did not feel

courage to introduce the subject. She then expressed how much grief it occasioned her to think she had, from ignorance and pride, despised a person so much superior to herself, and how she should be glad to benefit by her example but that she feared it was too great a favour to ask, after her improper conduct. Emma most good-naturedly assured her, she entirely forgave every neglect, and should be happy to be useful to her.

She, from that day, took much pains to instruct her; and, though Louisa at first felt it difficult to employ herself as Emma directed, yet she soon perceived the advantage, and her father being delighted with the change, it gave her spirits to proceed; till, in the end, she was convinced that it was more agreeable to be constantly employed. When she could use her needle with sufficient skill, Emma found her employment. She saved the money she had earned,

till it came to twenty shillings, and then presented it to her father, who was overjoyed at this proof of his daughter's diligence.

When Emma and Louisa had continued to work for some time longer, they put their little sums of money together, and bought materials and made baby-linen for sale. Their work was admired, and they were remarked for being obliging and attentive to their customers. Their business increased, and they soon obtained sufficient profits to enable them to furnish a shop; and, in the course of some years, they gained an income which admitted of their providing for their parents, who received with pleasure these consoling proofs of their industry and affection; often telling them that the loss of their fortunes proved a blessing, as it afforded them the opportunity of knowing that their children were capable of becoming useful characters.

"This is a very pretty tale, Sophia," said William.

"Yes, William, I am delighted with my story; Lucy, I shall follow your example, and put it carefully away in paper, but the lessons it contains I hope we shall remember every day."

"Sophia is such a steady girl, (added William,) that I am not afraid of her, but Lucy hardly ever thinks at all: I am sure this tale will do her good if she attend to it."

"Yes, (said his mother;) and, perhaps William might obtain a hint or two out of the same sheet, for boys should always be careful and industrious, as well as girls."

"I know they should, mamma," (replied William.) Come, Lucy, let us go hand in hand in trying to be as good as possible."

Lucy agreed to do her utmost. They then told their uncle about the present they had made in the morning, and

of their visit to the poor man at the cottage.

Mr. Norton informed them, that business would take him from home the following day, and that he should be absent for some weeks; that, when he returned, he promised himself much pleasure from learning that the old man was recovered, and hearing of Thomas and Susan's welfare.

They at length took an affectionate leave of their kind relation; wishing him a pleasant journey, and expressing much anxiety for his early return; they wiped away the falling tear, and silently bent their steps towards home.

THE END.

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